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# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE —  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS —  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 51

No.

2

JULY, 1918

Price 10 Cents



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MULES RESTING ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT

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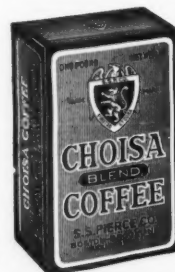
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# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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AS a factor in winning the war the mule greatly outranks in value the horse.

REMEMBER, hard as the task may be, it is an act of mercy humanely to put to sleep a hopelessly sick or injured animal.

THE man who is piling up a fortune out of profits made because of this war, what better is he than a traitor to his country?

PART of this country's coal troubles have been due to the shipment abroad for war purposes of that faithful, honest, sensible worker, the mule.

SOMEONE has cleverly said "a team of strong, sound mules hitched to an army wagon is the most reliable 'horseless carriage' we have in the market!"

MR. BEECHER once called the cow "the saint of the barnyard. Without many graceful lines or curves in her form she is constantly giving and sacrificing herself for others."

AMONG the teachings of this war is the lesson of our dependence upon animals. Recognition of their rights and gratitude for their services are apparent today as never before.

LET us keep it clearly in mind that what our soldiers are fighting for and dying for above all else, according to their own testimony, is "to finish with war." "If we have to begin again some day," they say, "all that's been done and suffered will have been in vain."

TWO bodies which have hitherto not identified themselves conspicuously with the work of preventing cruelty—the Government of the United States and the Protestant Episcopal Church—have lately given public recognition of the claim that this cause ought to have upon mankind. In the legislation in regard to the federal income tax, Congress inserted a provision that among the contributions to be shown as deductions in the taxpayer's return might be included those made "to societies for the prevention of cruelty to children or animals," and the Episcopal Church has authorized for use in the litany a prayer in behalf of animals.

## THE RESPONSE TO KINDNESS

AN Englishman in charge of fifty mules sent to the front untrained and more or less wild, writes home:

I have never allowed a switch to be used, or a mule to be hardly treated by beating, nor have I allowed them to be put in stocks when being shod. Kindness has paid in a wonderful way. Our mules let us do what we like with them. There are still one or two timid ones, but we have no difficulty in harnessing, shoeing, or handling, and they are the most willing and sensible of beasts, except when they are up against a load which they cannot move, and in that case they jib. They have no disease of any kind. Indeed, I was congratulated the other day in having the best-conditioned mules in the division, not a poor one amongst them.

## HORSES IN ENGLAND

THE shortage of horses in England, due to the demands of the war, has laid so heavy a burden on those left in the country that their sufferings are awakening a wide-spread protest. Overloading; working too long hours, and increased speed have been the results of too few horses to do the work required. In connection with this the shortage of feed has combined to make the lot of the English horse of today a hard one. A deputation of members of Parliament has waited upon the Home Secretary urging that definite orders be given the police everywhere to stop all horses unfit, from whatever cause, and to have particular regard to boy drivers and the matter of pace. During the past eight months, it was reported, the police had prosecuted in London 1700 cases of cruelty to horses.

READ the letter from the veterinarian in France with the horses of our Massachusetts 101st F. A. These Massachusetts boys reported as so careful of their horses were nearly all Band of Mercy boys in their early school life.

A GENERAL of the U. S. Army, a lover of horses, has stated that the lot of the horses in our camps and cantonments depends almost entirely upon whether or not the commanding officer is interested in animals. If he is, he sees to it that there is the best of care and no cruelty. If he is indifferent, the horses and mules are left largely to the tender mercies of rough and ignorant caretakers.

## HE HAS HIS FRIENDS

FROM an officer of the border regiment: "I have sixty animals to look after. They are mostly mules and some horses. I have some heavy horses who plod along at two and a-half miles an hour, and are as playful as kittens in an elephantine way. But for cuteness and brains give me a mule! Not obstinate, as some people imagine, but suspicious unless they know and trust you, and very nervous with strangers. They are also very playful. The great thing is never to hit them or brutalize them. They are destructive as puppies and are guaranteed to eat anything except metals. For hard work under awful conditions they beat horses every time, as nothing upsets them in the way of hardship, and they thrive on nothing if kindly treated. As they get a good ration they are, of course, fat as butter, and being well groomed they have coats like a Persian cat."

## STILL WE SURVIVE

THE horse, says the *Northampton Gazette*, is blamed for spreading glanders, rabies, lockjaw and other diseases of five or more syllables. Dogs and cats are branded as the circulators of rabies, parasitic worms of different kinds, fleas and ticks.

The cow is the worst offender. The list of diseases laid at her barn door is headed with tuberculosis and grows constantly more blood-curdling, until we wonder why physicians and scientists consent to the use of milk, butter and cheese which still lead the dietitians' list of nutritives.

## BACK TO HIS OWN

TIME was when the mule drew the chariots of cardinals and other dignitaries and was the chosen playmate of young royalty, but from that position of prominence he came to be regarded as a day laborer in the field of agriculture with no reward but hard work and made the object of ridicule and butt of jokes in the comic sheets. Now, once again, he has come into his own. After hauling a dirt cart all around the world, toiling in the coal mines, working on the farms and in the cotton fields, and serving in the army, he finds himself scaling the heights of public favor.

—The Humane Advocate

SERVING on the side of the Allies, since this war began, have been 316,000 mules.



## The Trick Animal and the Jack London Club

THE purpose of Jack London's book, "Michael Brother of Jerry," is to show the cruelties behind the trained animal performance in our theaters. He says there is only one way to stop them — to get up and go out of the theater during that part of the performance. To be a member of the Jack London Club means you will do this. It costs only this resolve and carrying it out. Already the club has grown to nearly 4000.

We would greatly like to have you send us your name and as many other names as you can.

### READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL BROTHER OF JERRY"

The book is published by the Macmillan Co. at \$1.50. We will send the "Foreword" free to any asking for it. A COPY OF THE BOOK FREE AS A PRIZE FOR THREE ONE-DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO *Our Dumb Animals*, ALSO FOR ONE HUNDRED NEW NAMES TO THE CLUB. Four copies of the book have already been given as prizes.

This picture of Jack London was taken in "Pearl Harbor." He is aboard the "Snark" on his first visit to Honolulu.



JACK LONDON ABOARD THE "SNARK"

Alexander Hume Ford says of him, in *The Mid-Pacific Magazine*, "Why did I like Jack London from the start? It was because I intuitively guessed that he loved Humanity more than he loved himself, his work, or life itself."

For those who do not know Jack London, or know him only through those who did not or would not understand him, here is something to think about: "Ambitious as he was to create a powerful novel," says Ford, "not a story, but a thrilling love novel, when I said to him, 'You have never written anything "off-color,"' he flashed back, 'No, and I never will. I have never yet written a line for print that I would be ashamed for my two little girls who are growing up to read and I never will.'"

### A Few Words from Members

*Rainswood, Bloomfield, Belfast, Ireland*

I am a subscriber to our *Animals' Friend*, and having seen notice of your Club wish to be enrolled as I am a great lover of animals and a vegetarian.

*Minneapolis, Minn.*

To me the Jack London Club is the realization of a thought I have had for years. I have always withdrawn from the theater during such performances. I wish the Club success with all my heart.

H.M.B.

*Tacoma, Washington*

The principal of one of the schools in Bellingham writes me that in response to my request the meaning of the Jack London Club is to be explained in every school of the city.

J.R.N.

*Boston, Mass.*

I am sending 200 names, members of the Jack London Club. The school has become deeply interested in the movement.

A BOSTON TEACHER

*Richmond, Va.*

Please add 1375 new members to the Jack London Club. This number has promised to fulfil the pledge.

MR. ERNEST BELL, editor of the *Animals' Friend*, asked for his opinion on the subject, said:

"The only lesson one learns from captive animals is one not of natural but of unnatural history.

"I object to the 'Zoo' on all grounds.

"Most people are so accustomed from youth to seeing caged animals that they do not regard them as life-long prisoners under unhealthy conditions. How unhealthy the conditions are is proved by the reports of the 'Zoos,' which show that about one-third of the animals die every year.

"We must also consider the unavoidable cruelty of their capture and transport. The whole story is a ghastly comment on man's misuse of his power over sub-human creatures.

"Consider also the demoralizing effect of such exhibitions. Spectators are strengthened in the idea — which is at the root of most cruelty — that we are justified in doing anything we please with animals so long as it administers to our pleasure or profit.

"'Zoos' are, in fact, advertisements of disregard of the feelings of animals, and as such should be abolished among civilized people."

IN a word, I would like to see the "animal show" abolished in this country. It is too ironical altogether that our love of beasts should make us tolerate and even enjoy what our common sense, when we let it loose, tells us must in the main spell misery for the creatures we profess to be so fond of. JOHN GALSWORTHY

If you knew the days and nights of torture that performing animals had gone through to attain their proficiency, you would boycott such performances by refusing to witness them.

### SHALL SUCH CRUELITIES CONTINUE?

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is hoped that the republication of the following extract from Jack London's "Michael Brother of Jerry" will help to open the eyes of the public to the vicious and inhuman practices employed in the training of animals for the stage—practices that too long have been countenanced and condoned through ignorance and thoughtlessness.

HALF a dozen times the lion paced up and down, declining to take any notice of the intruder. And then, when his back was turned as he went down the cage, Collins stepped directly in the way of his return path and stood still. Coming back and finding his way blocked, Hannibal did not roar. His muscular movements sliding each into the next like so much silk of tawny hide, he struck at the obstacle that confronted his way. But Collins, knowing ahead of the lion what the lion was going to do, struck first, with the broom-handle rapping the beast on its tender nose. Hannibal recoiled with a flash of snarl and flashed back a second sweeping stroke of his mighty paw. Again he was anticipated, and the rap on his nose sent him into recoil.

"Got to keep his head down — that way lies safety," the master-trainer muttered in a low, tense voice. "Ah, would you? Take it, then."

Hannibal, in wrath, crouching for a spring, had lifted his head. The consequent blow on his nose forced his head down to the floor, and the king of beasts, nose still to the floor, backed away with mouth-snarls and throat-and-chest noises.

"Follow up," Collins enunciated, himself following, rapping the nose again sharply and accelerating the lion's backward retreat.

"Man is the boss because he's got the head that thinks," Collins preached the lesson; "and he's just got to make his head boss his body, that's all, so that he can think one thought ahead of the animal, and act one act ahead. Watch me get his goat. He ain't the hard case he's trying to make himself believe he is. And that idea, which he's just starting, has got to be taken out of him. The broomstick will do it. Watch."

He backed the animal down the length of the cage, continually rapping at the nose and keeping it down to the floor.

"Now I'm going to pile him into the corner."

And Hannibal, snarling, growling, and spitting, ducking his head and with short paw-strokes trying to ward off the insistent broomstick, backed obediently into the corner, crumpled up his hind-parts, and tried to withdraw his corporeal body within itself in a pain-urged effort to make it smaller. And always he kept his nose down and himself harmless for a spring. In the thick of it he slowly raised his nose and yawned. \*\*\*

"That's the goat," Collins announced, for the first time speaking in a hearty voice in which was no vibration of strain. "When a lion yawns in the thick of a fight, you know he ain't crazy. He's sensible. He's got to be sensible, or he'd be springing or lashing out instead of yawning. He knows he's licked, and that yawn of his merely says: 'I quit. For the love of Mike leave me alone. My nose is awful sore. I'd like to get you, but I can't. I'll do anything you want, and I'll be dreadful good, but don't hit my poor, sore nose.' But man is the boss, and he can't afford to be so easy. Drive the lesson home that you're boss. Rub it in. Don't stop when he quits. Make him swallow the medicine and lick the spoon. Make him kiss your foot on his neck, holding him down in the dirt. Make him kiss the stick that's beaten him. Watch!" etc., etc.

He who praises a good work helps it.

## GARDE À VOUS

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR

ATTENTION! Hark! a clear, beseeching call  
Of mercy for the trained trembling thrall!

To managers and trainers comes the plea,  
"End the amusements born of cruelty!"

"Away with club, 'choke-collar,' pulley, chain,  
By which dumb creatures are subdued by pain!"

O clumsy bear, shuffling the merry waltz,  
Climbing the swing, turning the somersaults;

O little terrier, in whose eyes a prayer  
Is pleading as you climb the diving-stair;

O tiger, born to jungle-heritage,  
Now a trained captive in your ten-foot cage,

Cringing at the attendant's orders loud,  
Waiting your "stunt" before the laughing crowd, —

You know the "torture-chamber's" gasp, and moan  
When with the trainer and his whips alone!

But look! A new day has for you begun.  
Jack London Club will be your champion!

One trainer says:

NO dog walks naturally on its hind-legs, much less on its fore-legs. Dogs ain't built that way. They have to be made to — that's all. That's the secret of all animal training. They have to. You've got to make them. That's your job. Make them. Anybody who can't, can't make good in this factory. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, and get busy."

The Performing Animals speak:

"Spiked collars, angry words, and loaded sticks,  
These are the means they use to teach us tricks,  
And all to give to men what they call fun!  
How can they hope for mercy, rendering none?"

GERALDINE LISTER

## WHEN THE ELEPHANT SQUINTS

IN his recently published "Forty Years in Burma," Dr. John E. Marks tells some humorous stories of elephants:

The huge and highly trained elephants at work all day "a-piling teak" for shipment are a source of unfailing interest. With their tusks, trunks and feet they shift huge baulks of timber according to the will of the mahout, or driver, who sits on the animal's neck and directs its movements by means of an iron hook which he holds in his hands. Many curious stories are told of the phenomenal intelligence of these animals. Some of them are said to close one eye and squint down the logs as they lay them, to see if they are straight! Others are said to object to work on Sundays, and they all "down tools" as punctually as the British workman as soon as the luncheon-bell is heard!

IN the early days of our New England history when there were no stoves in the churches, and women took hot potatoes in their muffins, men sometimes brought their dogs to church to serve as foot-warmers. For this privilege a charge was made of sixpence a dog.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us ten cents to pay postage and receive five copies.



## What the Horse Would Say in July

If a horse could talk he would have many things to say when summer comes.

He would tell his driver that he feels the heat on a very warm day quite as much as if he could read a thermometer.

He would say, — "Give me a little water many times a day, when the heat is intense, but not much at a time if I am warm; if you want me to keep well don't water me too soon after I have eaten."

He would say, — "When the sun is hot and I am working let me breathe once in a while in the shade of some house or tree; if you have to leave me on the street leave me in the shade if possible. Anything upon my head, between my ears, to keep off the sun is bad for me if the air cannot circulate freely underneath it."

He would talk of slippery streets, and the sensations of falling on cruel city cobblestones — the pressure of the load pushing him to the fall, the bruised knees and wrenched joints, and the feel of the driver's lash.

He would tell of the luxury of a fly net when at work and of a fly blanket when standing still in fly season, and of the boon to him of screens in the stable to keep out the insects that bite and sting.

He would plead for as cool and comfortable a stable as possible in which to rest at night after a day's work under the hot sun.

He would suggest that living through a warm night in a narrow stall neither properly cleaned nor bedded is suffering for him and poor economy for the owner.

He would say that turning the hose on him is altogether too risky a thing to do unless you are looking for a sick horse. Spraying the legs and feet when he is not too warm on a hot day he would find agreeable.

He would say, — "Please sponge out my eyes and nose and dock when I come in tired and dusty at night, and also sponge me with clean cool water under the collar and saddle of the harness."



THE DOG

A. W. MUNKITTRICK

I HAVE seen much of friendship,  
And have dealt much with friends;  
I have studied its meaning,  
What it gives, what it lends.  
It's my honest opinion  
(Or my mind's in a fog),  
That the warmest comes loving  
From the heart of a dog.

And you don't have to warn him  
To be careful how he  
Does this thing or that thing,  
For his own honesty  
Must prevail above all things,  
E'en as rulers hold sway,  
For a dog as a canine  
Has been moulded that way.

He's the first one to greet you,  
Whether downcast or glad;  
He's alert at your bidding,  
Though you scold him when mad.  
Ever watchful and anxious,  
Meeting ev'ry demand;  
Gives a kiss for a beating,  
When he's licking your hand.

He will take a chance with you,  
If in grave danger's way;  
He will stick through starvation  
And make good when at play.  
He will guard you in daylight,  
And he asks nothing more  
Than to watch you while sleeping  
As he lies at your door.

Our own kind of friendship  
Deals with lawyers and courts;  
And we've judges and juries,  
Armies, warships and forts.  
When we give dogs a collar,  
It's a token we lend  
To a constant companion,  
That we know is our friend.

## Who is to Judge?

D. H. TALMADGE

A NUMBER of men drawn from widely-apart sections of the United States were gathered in the office of a country hotel in Oregon one stormy Sunday afternoon, and the talk was running along lines of food conservation, a "meatless Tuesday, wheatless Wednesday" announcement on the wall having served to introduce the subject.

There was no heat, no rancor, in the talk. Every man present was a patriot, ready and willing to do anything, to make any sacrifice, if the best interests of the nation might be served thereby. And so the conversation ran along, humorously for the most part, with anecdotes of "food-saving methods I have used" as its principal feature, until a man from Ohio, who had been half listening to the talk, half reading a newspaper, quite unexpectedly started something.

"I see it is proposed to kill the dogs," he observed quietly, his eyes upon the paper.

A tall man wearing a flannel shirt—a rough, hard-looking man, scowled alertly.

"What for?" he asked.

"Same old thing. The food they eat will be needed by more important factors in the war. A dog, the average dog at least, is a no-account thing anyway." Thus the man from Ohio.

He of the flannel shirt muttered something suspiciously like an oath, and his eyes shone with an aggressive light.

"There may be now and then a dog that would be better dead," he said. "The same thing's true of men. Listen, you gentlemen. If there's going to be much talk here about the dog-killing proposition I'll go out for a walk in the rain till you get through. Kill the dogs—humph!"

A man from Fort Worth winked covertly. He was a newspaper representative and he scented a story. Plainly the man of the flannel shirt had a reason. The reason might be interesting. Wherefore—

"You are in the dog business maybe?" he drawled.

"I am not. I'm in the ordinary everyday common justice business. I'm no dog crank. I want the dog to have a fair deal, that's all. I reckon the average dog will hold his own for services rendered with the average man. He's got his rights. Conserve his food if it is thought necessary, but kill him—why, it's diabolic to think of."

"Oh, I don't know," drawled the man from Fort Worth, provokingly.

"Well, I know. Listen, you gentlemen." The tall man loosened his shirt at the neck. "I live in Saskatchewan when I'm at home. Own four hundred acres, big barn, little house, two hundred head of stock, and one half-breed collie dog with fleas. I never cared much for dogs. This one followed me home from town one day about two years ago. I tried to drive him back, but he wouldn't drive. He knew my need of him, I reckon, better than I knew it myself. Once or twice I thought of killing him during the following year. He was a barker—musical as the devil, and he brought dirt and fleas into the house, and was altogether a nuisance. He wouldn't have been, of course, if he'd been properly appreciated and trained, but he was only a dog and had to do the best he could. I don't believe he'd have lasted long on the place if it hadn't been for the baby. She was a year old, and from the first she loved that dog and the dog loved her. Seemed to

understand each other. The youngster's sense of divine worth was keener than mine. Did it ever occur to you that so-called mature intelligence is somewhat of a joke? If it wasn't there wouldn't be so many folks down on dogs maybe. I got my jolt one morning last fall, and right away afterward I went to town and bought that dog the best collar I could find. I didn't call it a collar either—I called it a halo.

"I'll hurry over the story. It makes me sweat cold to think of it, and I know all right that one man's trouble stories are never interesting to other men. I'd gone to the barn to do the chores after building the kitchen fire. I heard a scream from the house. I hurried to the barn door just in time to see my wife run from the kitchen, her clothes blazing. The back end of the house was in flames.

"Yes, I reckon you've guessed it, gentlemen,—my wife had poured coal oil on the fire to hurry the breakfast. She should have known better, but that's neither here nor there. I grabbed a horse blanket and threw it about her and rolled her on the ground, and then I thought of the baby and started for the house. And at that instant the wind sent a great cloud of smoke toward me and everything was bitter dark.

"It seemed hours before the light came to my eyes again, and during that time I knew the agony of despair. And then, when all hope had died within me, I heard a bark. It wasn't a wail or a howl, but a note of cheer. I sensed that quality in it. In a vague way it comforted me, for it spoke at least of companionship in my sudden misery. I struggled forward, trying to rub sight into my stinging eyes.

"The wind whirled again, and I could see the house. I noted in that first blurred glance that it was doomed, with everything in it. But the baby—God be praised!—wasn't in the house. The baby, gentlemen, was sitting on the ground at a safe distance from the fire, and there was laughter on the blessed, tear-stained little face, and there was laughter, or something like it, on the face of the dog that stood beside the child. I could read the story in the tooth-torn clothing. The dog had dragged the little one to safety.

"Later, when my wife had begun to recover from her burns, I learned that she had left the youngster on the floor in the front room while she went to the kitchen and she had chased the dog out of doors before she did so. But when she told the story her bandaged arms were around his shaggy neck and her tears were dropping on his head."

The man was silent for a moment, his eyes closed. No one spoke. The man from Ohio rolled up his newspaper and tossed it under the stove.

"Tell me, gentlemen,"—the eyes of the man from Saskatchewan opened again—"who is to judge which dogs shall be killed. If anyone should wantonly kill my dog I'd call it murder. Who is to judge?"

No one replied. The man from Ohio stood up and walked to the window.

"It's raining harder than ever," he said non-committally.

NEXT to a Greek statue I know few such combinations of grace and strength as in a fine foxhound.

KINGSLEY



## In Praise of Swallows

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

Photographs from the National Association of Audubon Societies

NO other group of birds contributes more than do the swallows to the welfare of the human race. They constitute a well defined group, and they have won this high rank as benefactors both to man and beast by their persistent work in ridding the atmosphere of annoying and dangerous insect pests. It is difficult indeed correctly to imagine just what might be the fate of man in many parts of the world, if these busy creatures should fail to appear at the proper season when flies, gnats, mosquitoes and other dreaded insects make their appearance. Whether it is providential, or accidental, it is certainly an interesting coincidence that the faithful little swallows make their appearance simultaneously with the pestiferous insects upon which they feed. And where do these birds come from? As if by magic, they appear and disappear with the coming and going of warm weather. Very swift

general belief that the swallow spends its winters somewhere in South America.

Of the eighty species of swallow found in the world, only seven inhabit North America, and these range as far north as the Arctic Ocean. The largest swallow is the purple martin, and the smallest is the bank swallow. The latter is a wonderful little bird when it comes to performing work which seems utterly impossible. For its nest it digs out tunnels in sand banks which end in a large chamber. Just how it can construct these long tunnels with a poor set of tools is not well understood. Some will even utilize the abandoned holes made by neighboring birds.

The most common swallow found in North America is the barn swallow. The cliff or eaves swallow is another familiar bird that also commonly visits the barnyard. The former differs from the latter in that it possesses a very

This is well illustrated in the poem, "The Winged Worshippers," written by Charles Sprague. It is addressed to two swallows which flew into church during the hour of service. The many hundreds of people who have enjoyed the following lines owe their thanks as much to the two swallows as they do to the author of the poem itself, for had it not been for them, the lines probably would never have been penned:

*Gay, guiltless pair,  
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?  
Ye have no need of prayer,  
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.*

*Why perch ye here,  
Where mortals to their Maker bend?  
Can your pure spirits fear  
The God ye never could offend?*

*Ye never knew  
The crimes for which we come to weep:  
Penance is not for you,  
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.*

*To you 'tis given  
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays;  
Beneath the arch of heaven  
To chirp away a life of praise.*

*Then spread each wing,  
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,  
And join the choirs that sing  
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.*

*Or, if ye stay  
To note the consecrated hour,  
Teach me the airy way,  
And let me try your envied power.*

*Above the crowd  
On upward wings could I but fly,  
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,  
And seek the stars that gem the sky.*

*'T were Heaven indeed,  
Through fields of trackless light to soar,  
On Nature's charms to feed,  
And Nature's own great God adore!*

## BIRDS AND SHELLS

DURING the bombardment yesterday, I noticed the swallows flying about quite unconcerned. The birds build in the lines close to the guns, and don't seem to worry a bit. They often warn us of the approach of gas by their fluttering and twittering. Butterflies play in the dust. Cornfields extend to the edge of the trenches. Flowers grow in profusion in No Man's Land between the trenches.

CAPT. LOUIS KEENE, in *Cartoons Magazine*

ON one occasion a Scotch minister knocked at the door of a house where a husband and wife were quarreling. When admitted, he inquired:

"Wha's the head of this house?"

The man quietly replied:

"Sit yersel' doon, mon; sit yersel' doon. We're just trying to settle that noo."

Have you joined the Jack London Club, our protest against the cruelty of trained animals?



"THE MOST COMMON SWALLOW IS THE BARN SWALLOW"



"THE WHITE-BELLIED OR TREE SWALLOW IS A BEAUTIFUL BIRD"

in flight, these graceful birds may be observed high in the heavens, turning graceful curves, darting here and there in pursuit of insect pests, and then in an almost shockingly short time may be observed skimming along at a rapid rate of speed down near the surface of the earth. The mouth of the swallow is very broad, beak short, which makes it an easy matter for it to gulp up the insects while flying at a rapid rate. From the habit of spending the most of their time on wing, they have developed two very short and rather weak legs.

The number of species of swallow is around eighty, and they are found in all parts of the world, excepting that portion near the poles. Those that inhabit the colder portions of the earth are migratory in habits. In the United States no person has ever found out just where our common swallows go to spend the winter. As cold weather comes on, they begin to move southward, stopping along the way to visit rivers, lakes or ponds, and then they finally disappear over the Gulf of Mexico. It is the

pronounced forked tail. Common throughout the United States is the white-bellied or tree swallow. It is a beautiful bird that wears a steel blue coat above and white beneath. The little violet-green swallow found in the western part of the United States much resembles the tree swallow, but it measures only about five inches in length. The seventh and last species found in the United States is the rough-winged swallow.

The species of swallow found in South America by far outnumber those in the United States. As the country has become populated, these birds have left their wild places of abode, and have taken up life near the houses and barns where they find great delight in nesting. Throughout the world the swallows have shown this gentle spirit of yielding to semi-domestication and it has made them a pleasing neighbor to man in far-off Africa, Asia, Australia, Europe and everywhere. Their pleasing habits have created a great growth of folk-lore, rich sentiment, and poetry in many lands.

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the Plimpton Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

July, 1918

FOR TERMS see last page.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, and prefer verse not in excess of thirty-six lines, preferably shorter. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

### TWO NOTABLE BEQUESTS

THE Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has recently received two bequests, one from a mother and one from a daughter both of whom many years ago were widely known in the theatrical world. Mrs. Adelaide M. Simmons, the daughter, was celebrated as "Daisie Markoe," the greatest impersonator of "Topsy" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She was said to be the only impersonator of "Topsy" ever congratulated in a personal letter by the noted authoress. Her mother, Mrs. Mary F. G. Price, who died last Christmas, at the age of 93, had played the part of "Ophelia" in the same drama. Both were very fond of animals, Mrs. Simmons providing in her will for the care of her pony as long as it lived.

### CONVICTING A MAGISTRATE

AT the Richmond County, England, Police Court, a Justice of the Peace was convicted a few weeks ago, and sentenced to pay a fine of a hundred dollars and costs for the cruel treatment of a cat. This official, having forced an unfortunate cat out of a tree, allowed his dogs to attack it and kill it. At the trial a witness said, "The defendant appeared to consider the whole proceeding 'good fun and good sport.'"

### A DOCTOR TO BE TRUSTED

Springfield, Mass., Apr. 30, '18

Dear Dr. Rowley:

BEING a reader of your magazine *Our Dumb Animals*, I thought I would like to tell you of a neighbor of mine, a physician, on upper State Street, this city, who evidently is a great lover of animals. Every morning before going to his office he can be seen spending at least 15 minutes feeding the squirrels, a thing he has done every day summer and winter since he has lived in our neighborhood. He also sees that the birds are fed with bread crumbs and peanuts and it is fine to see the animals come up to him as if they did not fear him or were in the least afraid. While he is not my doctor I cannot help thinking that such a lover of animals must be patient with the sick. I believe I shall employ him the next time I am ill. I would give you his name but am not personally acquainted with him and so do not dare.

Sincerely,

An Admirer of S. P. C. A.

### WITH THE HORSES IN FRANCE

THE letter which follows is to one of our officers from one of the American veterinarians in France who is with some of the Massachusetts troops.

France, 5 April, 1918

Your most welcome letter has arrived. Dr. Rowley's letter also, and his regards have been given to both Col. Sherburne and Capt. Parker.

The leaflets on the care of mules have been distributed where they will do the most good; namely, to the mule drivers.

Now, our news: We left rather suddenly, and as usual at night, from our old eschalon. It began to rain early in the evening and the rain soon came down in torrents. After a few hours' hike in such a downpour, we all, including our animals, were very wet and quite cold. It was in the very early morning hours when we entrained, with but little light allowed. The loading conditions were not at all good, and the place a sea of deep, wet, cold mud. Our animals had been so well treated that we had no trouble in loading them. This fact surely reflects a good deal of credit on the drivers, for the animals were cold, tired and hungry, and the cars dark and forbidding. After a short rail trip we detrained, suddenly, and at night, in a heavy blanket of wet, — very wet, mist. This mist was so heavy as to be obscuring. We hiked until near daylight, and halted in what seemed to be a swamp, all surrounded by mist. You may imagine our joy when the mist cleared, to find ourselves in an orchard just outside a village we had just passed through without noticing it. For two weeks we had a most delightful hike. We almost always had reasonably late starts, picketed the horses at daylight and covered but short stretches of road. We slept each night in the wonderful French beds, where you climb way up to get in, and then sink slowly down into a soft, yielding mass of snowy whiteness. We lived with the French people and ate the glorious French meals. The horses were really but pampered pets, had a full allowance of feed, and were grazed quite frequently.

This hike took us slowly, for we often stayed more than a day in some of the quaint villages, over splendid roads, up hills, down fertile valleys, through primitive villages, and along busy, winding rivers. Slept one night in a marvelous old chateau, with its priceless treasures and situated in a beautiful spot in France. Our horses were in grand condition, and all gained considerable weight. No matter how eager the boys were to explore the new villages, the horses were always carefully watered and fed first. When possible, batteries turned their horses out to graze, and the horses at such times were a busy lot. They rolled, ate, played and finally fell asleep in the warm sun. All this time we were blessed with perfect weather. The days were all warm and sunny, being altogether delightful, and the nights not too cool. This was too good to last, for the weather changed, and so did our hike. We first had a long, cold, wet, dreary day in the saddle, and then a night hike. This night hike was made in a real deluge, and we arrived in our camp in the early hours. The men were all wet, tired, cold and hungry, and yet not a single man thought of his own comfort until all horses were sheltered, all watered and all fed. We, after two more hikes, are at the front again, and all are now very busy. We hear very plainly our guns and the big guns of the other regiments.

The excellent care given to our regimental



ON THE LAWN OF OFFICER IRWIN OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S.P.C.A. AT COTUIT

horses is shown by absence of saddle and harness sores, and the fine condition in which they reached here, for the last few hikes were strenuous ones. On our hikes most men got out of their saddles, voluntarily, at each hill, and many walked most of all the distances. On our night hike during the last few hours almost every man was walking to save his horse. At night each horse's shoulders and back were carefully sponged and legs well rubbed. At every stop cinches were always loosened and many horses found a few minutes to graze in. In this regiment not one single case of neglect of a horse was observed or reported. So once again permit me to say this is not to be wondered at in the 101st F. A.

On reading this letter over it seems to be all horse, but next time may be able to send other news, and perhaps make the next letter much more interesting.

Very truly yours,

2nd Lieut. ———, V. C. N. G.  
101st F. A.

### DIPLOMA OF HONOR

AT the commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Geneva Society for the Protection of Animals of Switzerland, a "Diplome d'Honneur" was awarded to *Our Dumb Animals*. It is significant that both the Geneva Society and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. were organized in the same year, 1868. The diploma from the Swiss Society has been suitably framed and now hangs on the wall of the library in the Angell Memorial building.

### PRIZE ESSAY CONTESTS

OVER one hundred children recently won prizes for essays on kindness to animals in the contest conducted by the Erie County S. P. C. A., Buffalo, N. Y. Each child was also presented with a copy of *Our Dumb Animals*. Similar prize contests have been successfully carried on in the public schools of Mason City, Iowa, and of South Bend, Ind., by the Humane Societies of those cities.

### TO LOOSEN A DOG'S HOLD

A CERTAIN means of stopping a dog-fight or loosening a vicious dog's hold upon anything is scattering something over the animals that will produce sneezing. Be his will-power ever so strong, the motion of sneezing involuntarily opens a dog's jaws.

Three dollars and a half gives a week's vacation for a tired horse at our Farm





Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*

EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*

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#### MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	959
Animals examined	7681
Number of prosecutions	21
Number of convictions	20
Horses taken from work	189
Horses humanely destroyed	124
Small animals humanely destroyed	387
<b>Stock-yards and Abattoirs</b>	
Animals examined	58,160
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed	133

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$5000 (in part) from Miss Sarah E. Conery of Boston as from "herself and other children in memory of Thomas Conery"; \$400 from Mrs. Adelaide M. Simmons of Pittsfield; \$25 (additional) from the estate of Col. F. S. Richardson of North Adams; and \$40 (in part) from Mrs. Emily Shattuck Neal of Boston.

The Society has received gifts of \$125 from Miss E. F. G., of which \$25 is for relief of army horses and free dispensary; \$100 from H. F.; \$25 each from F. E. B. "in memory of my dear father," E. G., Miss E. F. M., Mrs. M. H. of which \$15 is for relief of army horses and free dispensary, and Mrs. D. W. E. of which \$15 is for the new ambulance and \$10 for summer work. It has also received for the new ambulance \$100 from Mrs. C. V. B., \$25 each from Mrs. G. S. S., and C. W., and, for the Angell Memorial Hospital, \$110 from Mrs. J. L. G. of which \$75 is "for free stall in memory of Lady Betty, Dolly and Pluto, and \$35 for free kennel in memory of Kitty Wink and Patty Boy."

The Society has been remembered in the will of Isabelle Wait of Greenfield.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$1200 from a Massachusetts friend, \$192.34 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature; and \$181.17, interest.

June 11, 1918.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital  
184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.,

*Chief Veterinarian*

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

C. A. BOUTELLE, D.V.S.

B. S. KILLIAN, D.V.M.

T. B. McDONALD, D.V.S.

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E. F. SHROEDER, D.V.S.

*Veterinarians*

*With U. S.*

*Army*

Treatment for sick or injured animals

#### FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MAY

Hospital	Cases	Free Dispensary	Cases
Cases entered	255	Cases	311
Dogs	175	Dogs	231
Cats	37	Cats	61
Horses	39	Horses	10
Birds	4	Birds	5
Operations	110	Sheep	2
		Cow	1
		Pig	1
		Goat	1
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	9,133		
Free Dispensary cases	11,689		
Total	20,822		

#### WITH OUR FIELD OFFICER

**D**URING the three weeks Officer Pearson has been traveling in the out-of-the-way districts of Massachusetts, where the regular S. P. C. A. officers are seldom called to go, he has looked at 2100 animals; had 13 horses humanely destroyed; found 18 horses unfit for work and taken them from harness; and made eight prosecutions, in each case securing a conviction. The first week he was out he came upon six horses so unfit that he persuaded their owners to take them from work.

#### EXPRESS COMPANY INDICTED

**A**N indictment by the Grand Jury has been returned against the American Express Company. The charges which led to the indictment were made by Robert L. Dyson, officer of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Worcester. According to the allegations, 177 calves, hardly more than a week old, shipped from Lisbon, N. Y., were confined in a closed baggage car with little or no ventilation. When the car reached Worcester, fifty-seven, it was claimed, were dead from suffocation. Seven of the dead calves removed, it is charged, had been killed prior to shipping. Their heads had been cut off, their legs severed below the knees, and the carcasses thrown in with the living animals.

This is but an illustration of the abominable cruelties involved in the shipping of immature calves. Outside of the matter of cruelty is the consideration of the public health. The vast majority of these wretched little creatures pass inspection somewhere and are sold in the public markets.

#### "HUMANITY"

**T**HE above is the fitting title of a new humane journal, published by the Western Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. of Pittsburgh. Number 1 of volume 1, for May, appears with sixteen pages about the size of *Our Dumb Animals* but "made up" in newspaper style. The contents indicate unusual activity on the part of the Society and a judicious selection of general matter which makes the paper of real interest to all who try to protect helpless humans and animals.

#### FOR PROTECTION OF BIRDS

**T**WENTY prizes of \$10 each and forty prizes of \$5 each are offered for evidence by which our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.



STATE FIELD OFFICER PEARSON OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S.P.C.A. EQUIPPED TO TRAVEL OVER LITTLE FREQUENTED HIGHWAYS IN OUT-OF-THE-WAY SECTIONS OF THE STATE



## American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies, see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

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Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

### IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

THE report of the Be Kind to Animals Week celebration in the State of Washington was received too late for inclusion in our general account of that event in last month's issue. The work was in charge of our field worker, Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols of Tacoma, who secured much coöperation in the principal cities of the State by the use of lantern slides and four-minute talks in moving picture houses, essay contests in the public schools, and addresses in schools, churches, and elsewhere. In Seattle the Public Library officials helped to interest the Boy Scouts, and the Humane Society conducted a vigorous campaign of publicity.

NOTHING counts today but the ending of this war on conditions which shall mark the ending of all war for all time."

— *The New World*

## The Observance of the Golden Rule

MARY F. LOVELL

IT is in harmony with the ideal of justice that in our dealings with others we should accord to them exactly the same treatment which we would like given to ourselves if the positions were reversed. Because it is bare justice, humanitarians include dumb animals within the pale of this law.

Those who have given the subject little thought, deny the possibility of carrying out the Golden Rule under the conditions of ordinary life. If its observance is right, which no one can deny, then it must also be possible, however uncongenial it may be to human frailty.

It may be asked how a judge can sentence a criminal and at the same time obey the Golden Rule. The judge's first obligation is to society, which he must protect from the depredations of the lawless, and the sentence is the consequence of the criminal's own culpability, not of the judge's personal intent or inclination. Moreover, even while duly fulfilling his legal obligation, the judge can observe the Golden Rule by the avoidance of harshness; by recognizing the possibility that with the early environment which perhaps has been the lot of the culprit, he also might have fallen; and by dismissing his erring brother with such words as he would wish to hear if he were in his place.

The general practice of the Golden Rule between nations would bring ideal conditions, but selfish persistence in neutrality while strong nations are inflicting frightfulness on weak ones would indefinitely postpone even tolerable conditions. If, on any highway, a large and strong group of men should set out to maltreat and despoil a small and weak group including women and children, what sense of justice would exist in bystanders who permitted it? However great their detestation of warfare with all its evils, should they not feel that such an emergency demanded their interference and their effort to enlist other help if it were necessary to deliver the victims? Or instead should the witnesses of this attack on the innocent sit down to deliberate on the dreadful nature of warfare and their own conscientious objections to it, the harmless and helpless meanwhile being made its victims? Would their conscientious objections under such circumstances be in accordance with the Golden Rule? Not unless they would really prefer a violent death to rescue if they were the subjects of attack. There cannot be two kinds of justice, one for individuals or small groups of individuals, and another for large groups or nations. If it is not right to allow a murderous, rapacious individual to work havoc on his unsuspecting neighbors, neither is it right to allow a murderous, rapacious nation to prey on neighboring nations.

Jesus Christ was meek and lowly and forgave the cruelties of His persecutors, but He publicly denounced the conduct of the Scribes and Pharisees, and did not hesitate to call them by the name their conduct merited; and with personal force He drove the profiteers of that day out of the Temple.

One of His parables pictures how a good Samaritan interrupted his journey on the dangerous robber-infested road to Jericho and dismounted to minister to a man who had been wounded and stripped and left half dead, setting him on his own beast, thus depriving himself of the means of escape if he were attacked; in all this performing an act of chivalry the memory of which as an ideal of conduct is

imperishable. So in like manner will the actual heroic and self-sacrificing deeds of the people of the Good Samaritan nations who have been neighbors to those who fell among the modern thieves, be held in everlasting remembrance. They have practised the Golden Rule, and chivalry is not dead.

But let not contrasts which, on the one side, command our admiration, arouse too strong a revulsion of feeling in regarding the other. Those who are mentally aberrated often are dangerous and have to be restrained, but no reasonable person hates them; rather they are regarded with pity. To most of us extreme moral aberration is both dangerous and abhorrent, yet such a condition can no more be removed by a counter hatred than a mental disorder can be changed into sanity through the presentation of pictured reproductions of images created in the diseased mind.

Let us rejoice that our great Republic has honored herself by uniting in the world battle against cruelty and oppression and for the winning of freedom and democracy, but let us also remember that through this very fact she stands fully exposed in the glare of the lime-light. In deep shame let us remember that in this country shocking barbarities are perpetrated every year, both on men and on dumb animals. Few of us are ignorant as to what they are, and sorrowfully we realize that, while very many, with a self-renunciation which words are inadequate to praise, are literally laying their all on the altar of sacrifice, others, with a selfishness insatiable and altogether base, are making use of such a war as this to acquire wealth by fastening high prices on the foodstuffs of the poor, while still others of the same sort are actually wasting foodstuffs in the manufacture of pernicious drinks. Have these people as much as heard of the Golden Rule, and what can be their ideal of patriotism? At the very time of this writing a Philadelphia paper announces that a saloon-keeper having sold two half-pints of intoxicating liquor to a man, then became suspicious of him, and when he caught him in the act of passing the drink to two sailors, had all three arrested. He who by selling the liquor made the violation of law possible will go free because he is licensed to do it. Such wild and wicked inconsistencies should at least be confined to nations which are still groping in the darkness of ignorance and to whose people the words "progress" and "reform" have no meaning, and not remain as blots on the honor of this great country. The true American patriot is not he who condones his country's faults but he who seeks her highest good; he whose heartfelt desire for her may find voice in such words as these, from Katherine Lee Bates:—

"America! America!  
God mend thine every flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!"

And this brotherhood should mean the working of no ill to one's brother, but the observance—the true practice of the Golden Rule.

## English Animals and the War

MRS. FLORENCE H. SUCKLING, Romsey, England

**T**HE horse above all other British animals has suffered the most severely in the present war. At the outbreak of hostilities, horses were in great demand for military purposes, and were hurriedly requisitioned from all sorts of owners, in a somewhat ruthless fashion.

Many of the animals so taken proved to be quite unfitted for the work ahead, while others, wrested from comfortable homes and petted lives, had to face the beginning of a severe winter without any shelter, and in the care of raw recruits.

The result was that thousands of horses died miserably, from exposure or disease, before they ever left their native land, as the indignant letters that reached the newspapers testify.

The public press, all over the Kingdom, aided by the humane journals, raised an outcry, and questions were asked in the House of Commons, but the horses went on suffering and dying all the same, while animals' friends mourned. The one bright spot in the whole deplorable affair was the prompt action of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which strove in every possible way to alleviate the suffering. Aided by its local branches, and inspectors, it set to work at once to distribute waterproof rugs for exposed animals in camps, and to provide surgical appliances and comforts for the sick horses in Remount Depots.

This was followed by the starting of the Society's now celebrated fund for sick and wounded war horses at the front, with its splendid equipment of horse ambulances, veterinary hospitals, and capable staffs, while friends at home started to collect the needful funds to "carry on."

### The Dogs

Another beneficent work of the Royal S. P. C. A., during the war, has been the rescue and safeguarding of soldiers' dogs, — animals that either went abroad with the regiments at the beginning of the fighting, or pets that were adopted by the men when found among the ruined villages in France and Belgium and whose owners sought to take them to England when returning home, wounded or on leave.

The British law, enforcing a prolonged quarantine for all dogs entering the Kingdom from abroad, is a troublesome and expensive business for the ordinary traveler; but, in the case of soldiers and Belgian refugees it was impossible! Many a small tragedy was witnessed upon the French quays before the Royal S. P. C. A. intervened, and not a few refugees had the grief of seeing their dogs thrown into the sea after going on board the boats. There is generally a "typical case," and it is pleasant to know that the Belgian lady who was detected trying to conceal her little dog in her dress, on landing at Folkestone, had the satisfaction of seeing it rescued by a member of the Society, to be placed in quarantine, and to find it, later, restored to her in good order in the remote country town where she had found a refuge. As to the soldiers, the Society at once made arrangements with the English and French authorities as to the transport of their dogs, and while waiting for boats an asylum was provided for the animals at the Dogs' Home at Boulogne. Large placards advertising the scheme were distributed and posted, with the result that many happy dogs were rescued and are now awaiting the return of their masters among the latter's friends in the provinces.

Then came another cry to the Royal S. P. C. A. for help, this time from the English ports where soldiers, arriving to embark, found that a law was in force forbidding the ships to take dogs. One of the first animals to be turned back from an outward-bound troop ship, after starving for days about the docks, found an asylum with the Red Cross Sisters at an Emergency Hospital, where he still flourishes as their mascot. Then came a pitiful parting between a soldier and his fox terrier, when happily the local inspector of the Royal S. P. C. A. was telephoned for in time, and undertook to forward the dog to the man's home in the Midlands. That case, as reported to the London Society, laid the foundation of an admirably working scheme for the rescue of soldiers' dogs. By an arrangement with the authorities, the men with dogs are questioned, and if they desire it, their animals are forwarded free of cost to their homes, while others are assured that hospitality will be willingly shown by volunteers to the pets they leave behind them. The Society also pays the licenses of deserving dog cases, while other organizations and private persons do likewise.

### The Children

Unfortunately war is causing a serious setback in the humane education of the young, and a callous disregard for suffering and death is becoming painfully evident. The Board of Agriculture unhappily suggested that school children should be encouraged to destroy birds for a price set upon their heads, and this, together with the destruction of their eggs, has already caused a serious shortage in insect-eating birds. The result has been the brutalizing of the minds of both boys and girls. The Band of Mercy and its advocates are in despair, for even the little tots' games are of bloodshed and slaughter, and also the Boy Scouts, whose first rules were humanely educational, are now being demoralized by official recommendations to destroy birds. Truly the outlook for the loving kindness of the rising generation is depressing, and the prospects anything but reassuring for English animals in war time.

### NOBEL PRIZE FOR RED CROSS

**T**HE Nobel peace prize for 1917 has been awarded to the international Red Cross committee at Geneva, which has performed services of inestimable value in forwarding mail to prisoners of war. Since 1914 this committee has taken over and forwarded to war prisoners of both belligerent groups some 335,000,000 letters and post cards, 62,000,000 small parcels, and more than 8,000,000 money orders. It has also sent out about 5,300,000 bread parcels. This is the second time the Red Cross has been recognized in the awarding of Nobel peace prizes.

**GUARD** within yourself that treasure, kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness.

— *The Young Catholic Messenger*

**VISITOR** (in public gardens, interested in botany) — Do you happen to know to what family that plant belongs?

Old Gardener — I happens to know it don't belong to no family. That plant belongs to the park.

### TRAINED BY KINDNESS

LOU E. COLE

**F**ROM the wild range of "bunch-grass" country in Oregon to the noisy streets of California's metropolis, San Francisco, in one year of police service, is the record of "Harry," a fine dark bay horse owned by F. D. Gaddy, a mounted policeman.



OFFICER GADDY AND "HARRY"

At almost any hour of the day Harry can be seen leisurely walking alone, along the busy street or standing near the curb waiting for a signal he has learned to distinguish midst the noise and bustle of a congested street. Cars, gongs, bells, whistles, auto-klacons or nerve-wrackers of whatsoever description that may startle the public, Harry never blinks an eye. But when his master, who may be two blocks away, lets out that shrill lip whistle, Harry at once locates the direction, and it would require more than the usual jam of traffic to prevent him from reaching his objective point.

Never in a hurry, carefully and calmly he threads his way among the streams of vehicles and pedestrians, obeying the traffic signals in a deliberate and distinguished way as a thoughtful being should. I asked Friend Gaddy how he had accomplished such a feat in that short time. His answer was: "By kindness and right judgment. He knows and understands perfectly. Yes, he's some horse, Harry is—hey boy?" and he slapped him affectionately on his glossy neck. Harry twitched first one ear, then the other, then switched his tail in a knowing manner.

### DESTRUCTIVENESS OF INSECTS

**I**NVESTIGATIONS by the Bureau of Entomology are reported to have shown that insects cause more destruction of timber of a commercial size than do forest fires. Another reason, if additional reasons were needed, for conserving the bird life of the country — especially the insectivorous members of the feathery tribe.

— *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*

Persons wishing a bound volume of this periodical for a library, reading-room or a public room of a large hotel, can send us twenty-five cents in postage stamps to pay postage and receive the volume, or the stamps will be returned.



## THE PIPER

LILLIAN E. ANDREWS

*In the rose flush of the morning,  
When summer crowned the world  
With a diadem of emerald,  
By dewdrops all empearled,  
I heard the woodland piper  
Awake his sleeping band,  
While yet the shadows lingered  
Across the wooded land:  
"Bob white! bob white! awake! awake!"  
So tenderly, so sweet;  
Oh little woodland piper,  
You made the dawn complete.*

*In the glory of the noontide,  
When the heavy air was sweet  
With the breath of tall day lilies,  
And the shimmering waves of heat  
Hung above the dusty highway  
Where no trav'ler came or went,  
To his mate the piper whistled  
In notes of sweet content:  
"Bob white! bob white! come here, come here,"  
So urgently, so clear;  
Oh little woodland piper,  
Love's song is always dear.*

*In the soft hush of the evening,  
When the sunset's gold was dim,  
And the hermit thrush had finished  
His wondrous vesper hymn,  
As the purple veil of twilight  
Fell above the amber West,  
I heard again the piper,  
As he called his flock to rest:  
"Bob white! bob white! good night! good night!"  
So sleepily, so low,  
Oh little woodland piper,  
No sweeter sound I'll know.*

## ANIMALS IN GAS ATTACKS

**P**OISONOUS gas having been constituted by our enemies a weapon of war, various scientific authorities have made a thorough study of it on behalf of the Allies. Among other features, the effect of gas attacks upon animals has been carefully noted, the Germans also having studiously investigated the same subject. Results show that horses suffer much from the noxious fumes, and are subsequently thrown into a state of nervous terror on again scenting them. Mules are more inclined to stand their ground, and appear as if trying not to breathe. Gas helmets of a kind have been successfully tried for both these animals. In the trenches are many animals kept by the soldiers as pets. Of these, cats quickly scent the gas, and run about howling. Guinea-pigs are the first to succumb. Rats and mice emerge from their holes, and are found dead in quantities, which, as the soldiers say, is the only advantage of a gas attack by the enemy. Poultry of all kinds are useful for giving warning, ducks and fowl becoming agitated ten minutes or so before the oncoming gas-clouds. Many kinds of wild birds are greatly excited, and the usually unruffled owl becomes, as it were, half demented. Only the sparrow seems to disregard the poisonous vapor, and sparrows chirp on where horses are asphyxiated, and bees, butterflies, caterpillars, ants and beetles die off in great numbers. The gas at once kills snakes, and earthworms are found dead in their holes many inches below the ground.

**MR. NEWGILT** — Yes, sir, I started in life a barefoot boy.

**Mr. Oldfam** — I, too, was born without shoes

## THE COST OF THE DOG

**T**HE following is taken from an article by Henry C. Merwin in the *Boston Transcript*, entitled "Some Reflections on the Dog Crisis in England":—

John Galsworthy, the novelist, puts the argument for the dog in war time upon a basis which even the most severe economist cannot dispute. "We all want," he writes, "to save grain as much as we can; we none of us want to be unreasonable or obstructive; but neither do we want panic to take from us one of the chief comforts left in these sad and comfortless days. Why does not the Government wipe out the theater, why does it allow music, books, every other mental and spiritual relief which takes up time and energy? Why not make a clean sweep of them? Because the Government knows that we cannot go on supporting this strain without some relief. Well, I say that our dogs are as great, nay, a greater comfort than any of these things."

The English have always been extravagant in their way of feeding dogs, and there is no doubt that the cost of feeding a dog, and feeding him well enough to keep him in good condition, can be brought down to an astonishingly low figure. An English woman writes from Paris, for example: "Until I came to live in France I had never heard of feeding dogs on beef spleen. A fresh beef spleen, lightly boiled, lasts my fox-terrier a whole week. I do not add bread or scraps from the table. A beef spleen costs four-pence." Here is an Irish canine bill of fare: "My only butler, an Irishman, joined up at the outbreak of the war and went to France, where he is still fighting, leaving his dogs with me to take care of. This I intend to do faithfully, should I give my own food to them. They are in better condition since the 'waste nothing' campaign than they ever were before, and are fed on potato peelings, fish skins, and scraps of cabbage—all thoroughly cooked." It is a safe bet that, in one way or another, the English dog will survive so long as an Englishman is left to give him a bone. "Take away our tobacco, our hobbies, our pleasures, and our holidays, but leave our dogs alone!" is the final word of a typical Englishman.

The family dog confers upon the child in the family a training in love, affection and benevolence which outweighs a thousandfold the cost of the few bones and crusts that constitute his luxurious fare.

## COWS IN KOREA

A. M. BARNES

**I**T is a funny thing to see the cows at work in Korea as well as the oxen. When we think of Mooley and Sukey and Mrs. Jersey, it is of the fine milk and butter they will give us. But it is not this way in Korea. Milk and butter are almost unknown in the native homes of Korea.

A Korean might keep a dozen cows, but if you asked him for milk he would look at you in amazement. His cows are to carry great loads of wood or farm products to market, or to haul the big, lumbering two-wheeled carts or the ungainly log plow. Just think of it! No milk, no butter, no cheese! Too bad, isn't it? "Yet," writes a medical missionary, "it is doubtless a wise thing for Korea, where no heed is paid to sanitary laws. Milk, being one of the most dangerous mediums for bacteria, it is no doubt best, after all, that the Korean, with no regard whatever for the laws of health, has never learned to use it." Now the doctors are telling us that even scarlet fever is traceable to impure milk, as it contains the very germ—with a long, unpronounceable name—that is present in scarlet fever. This is why, they reason, the disease is almost unknown in sections where raw milk is little used, especially in the tropics.

A Korean, seeing butter used in a missionary home, expressed his loathing. To him it was not only a "disgustible mess," but it was made from calf feed (milk). Neither does the Korean eat beef to any extent. His cows are too useful as beasts of burden to be slaughtered.

A missionary, reaching his station in one of the interior towns of Korea, expressed a desire to purchase a milch cow for the use of his family. The Koreans to whom he expressed his desire were amazed. No such thing had ever been heard of around there, they told him. No cow had ever had milk drawn from her udder by human hand. That was the calf's business. What was more, no cow would put up with it.

Undismayed, the missionary proceeded to select a cow with a young calf. "There's trouble coming to you," the man from whom he purchased it told him.

The moment the hand of the milker pressed upon the cow's udder, her hind feet flew into the air. Her feet were then roped, and head and tail were held by the missionary's native helpers; one clinging to each horn. Finding

it impossible to get rid of that hateful hand, pulling away at her teats, by either horn or hoof, she stood trembling and bellowing incessantly, every inch of her body an outraged protest against the indignity to which she was compelled to submit. But in time, and by employing coaxing methods, the missionary soon had his cow so even the children could milk her whenever they pleased. The Koreans came for miles to see the novel performance, the news of which had been heralded abroad.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.



KOREAN GOING TO MARKET WITH A LOAD OF WOOD ON HIS COW'S BACK

## American Red Cross—Junior Membership

Conducted and Edited by Dr. H. N. MacCRACKEN

National Director of Junior Membership, American Red Cross, Washington, D.C.

What the Red Cross is Doing for the Zunis and Navajos

WHEN Columbus landed in America, the Zuni Indians had been already long established in their thriving village far away in the unexplored West. When our Pilgrim Fathers landed, they were warring against Spanish priestly government, and murdering the Negro priest Estavan, who came with Fray Marcos to help "Christianize" the Zunis. The centuries have brought the white man across the country, and new strange laws and customs surround the little nation, even pervade it to a certain extent. The lives of these two thousand primitive beings have been touched, but against the ideals and conceptions of civilization, their simple, superstitious minds have been proof. In the Zuni Indians, New Mexico numbers among her citizens some of America's oldest, and at the same time youngest inhabitants.

News of the world war and of America's share in it meant no more to the Zuni than that the white tribes were at strife. It was no quarrel of theirs, and their anxiety was to keep remote from it. The first appeal of the Red Cross came to them through their children, when the teacher, who is the special friend of the boys and girls, explained the organization to them in the schools. But to lives which had been always bounded by the limits of a village that covers not more than a quarter section of land, a world-wide fellowship of service meant nothing. The call for money was merely another sort of tribute and to it they turned deaf ears. At last an interpreter was secured. He told them in their own language and in terms their experience could grasp of the bloodthirsty marauding tribe of Germans, who burned and pillaged and drove women and children from their homes. Home, to the Zuni, is a very sacred thing. When they understood that Red Cross money and work would help to give these unfortunate people the necessities of life and rebuild the villages that had been destroyed, there were tears in the children's eyes, and parents who had grudged before now gave willingly.



RAM THAT MADE MONEY FOR THE RED CROSS AT CROWN POINT, N. M.

The Zunis produce so many of their necessities that money plays a small part in their lives. But those who had none to give waited till the grain was sold and made their gifts then.

The Zuni Junior Red Cross is now 300 strong. They are sewing on refugee garments as busily and eagerly as the white boys and girls to whom the flag has always been a cherished symbol, and who have grown up among the ideals which are so gradually becoming apparent to these little red children. So prized are the emblems of membership that many of the girls have appeared at school with their pins sunk in the tinkling silver bracelets which they wear in such profusion. "This way," they say, "we do not lose them."

So distant from the world has been their life that when the photographer traveled to Zuni to take pictures of their Auxiliary, they feared the "charm" of the camera, and many had to be coaxed before they would peep out from the shelter of the shawls they had drawn across their faces. Only as a patriotic duty were they induced to brave the danger, but the

treat of candy which followed as a reward did not have to be urged upon them.

It is not only to the devastated homes of France that the influence of the Red Cross comes. Here in our own land it is bringing American ideals close to the hearts of a primitive people, making them proud to do their part in the struggle for world freedom.

The little Navajos at Crown Point are a less shy company than the Zunis, and here too, active Red Cross work has been going on. From Crown Point comes the story of the "ram whose fleece proved golden for the Red Cross." A rancher lent him to be auctioned off at a Bazaar which Junior and Senior Auxiliaries were giving to raise the \$300 which was their aim. Everyone knew that the owner reserved the right to buy the animal back, yet whites and Indians spent freely, and over \$200 was raised in this way. The Indians who had no money gave a fleece of wool instead. Another \$100 came from auctioning off the fancy work made by pupils and teachers, and since the \$300 was so easily attained, the Auxiliaries have promptly raised their goal to \$500. Now the Juniors are working on undergarments for the refugees, buying their materials with their own fund. Many Indian children in these regions cannot sew themselves, so devote their time to raising money to buy materials for other Auxiliaries, Junior or Senior, to make up.

It is stories such as these that come from the far corners of our country that help to prove that the Junior Membership is important for more things than the number of refugee garments and knitted sweaters they make. For through the children a new understanding of things beyond their narrow village boundaries is coming to these first possessors of our country, and a new feeling of fellowship is growing up in their hearts for the inscrutable white folk who have come to rule them—a fellowship that recognizes that their ambition is *right* rule and that they are willing to spend themselves to the end that such government shall prevail.

## A Bird Paradise on the Pacific Coast

J. R. HENDERSON

DURING the hatching season, in May, at the great bird reservation on Puget Sound in Western Washington, day and night a vast cloud of birds of many varieties covered the rocky islets and sand spits. It was almost impossible to walk on some of the islands without stepping on a young nestling. It was a sight worth seeing. It showed to a nicety the result of bird protection—protection that is enforced in dead earnest. There are no half-way measures here.

Since the creation of the reserve the number of birds has increased to such a wonderful extent that thousands of persons visit the nesting grounds annually to view the activities of the millions of water fowl. And, too, it would seem as though the birds themselves are aware of the fact that they are safe from harm at the hands of hunters, for they pay but little attention to the horde of visitors. They are the most noisy and joyous of Uncle Sam's posses-

sions, and their calls and screams can be heard for miles across the quiet waters.

This year the number of nests of ducks and geese appeared to have been nearly doubled over that of the last year. Sea-gulls, cormorants, swans, loons, cranes and pelicans are there by the thousands. One small island has been taken possession of entirely by what is known as the "tern," a species of the gull family which has never before been known to nest so far north.

Until the reserve was created, the Chinook Indians carried away load after load of eggs for food, and the white hunters, as well as the Indians, destroyed many thousands of young birds every year, in addition to countless numbers of the old ones. However, all this has been discontinued, and the consequent increase in bird life has caused daily excursions from Puget Sound points to become quite the thing.

Of all the millions of birds, perhaps the most

observed of the lot is the queer looking creature known as the rhinoceros auklet, which, like the "tern," occupies an island by itself. These birds are as black as charcoal and burrow into the sand like a prairie dog. Each female lays but a single egg. They are never seen during the day, and at night a person had best be very careful about carrying a lantern, for these great birds coming in from the Pacific at thirty or forty miles an hour will head for the light and crash into it with force enough to knock a man down.

But sea-fowl are not the only ones that are seen in this "bird paradise," for many small land birds seem to have sensed the protection afforded, not only from man, but from snakes and other reptiles, as well as cats and all such animals. In addition, they are protected from such birds of prey as hawks and eagles—the former are afraid of the huge sea birds and the eagle keeps away for some reason or

other. At certain times, among the scrub brush and rocks are seen such birds as the cerulean warbler, bluebird, white-throated sparrow, goldfinch, oriole, cardinal, wren, redstart, and even the beautiful bird of paradise. But the bullying English sparrow is never seen in the confines of the islands.

Another and very interesting bird seen, not on the islands, but in the near-by woods of the mainland, is the crested flycatcher. They build their nests in hollow logs, old stumps and in cavities formerly dug in the wood of trees by woodpeckers, etc., that made the holes by days of hard labor with their bills. The flycatcher lines its nest with discarded snake skins, supposedly as a protection from small animals. The skins are ingeniously arranged to look almost lifelike.

#### THE BEDTIME STORIES CLUB

FEW of our young readers are not familiar with the "Bedtime Stories" about animals and their habits, written by Mr. Thornton W. Burgess and published in the daily newspapers all over the country. One of these stories now appears every evening in the *Record* of Troy, New York, and that paper conducts The Bedtime Stories Club, which in two years has enrolled 9000 members among the children, each one having received a certificate "to show that the holder is a friend of Old Mother Nature and promises to be kind to her children and protect them from their enemies."

The lady in charge of this Club writes us about the good times the members enjoy. Once a big picnic was held in one of the city parks, with ice-cream for all the members and an address by Mr. Burgess. Several hundred bird-houses have been built and placed by the members; others are interested in bird baths, and last winter several bird lunch-counters were put up.

The editor writes that while some days she receives a hundred letters from enthusiastic members, yet she feared she had lost two formerly very faithful boys because she did not hear from them in nearly a year. Then she received this explanation from them: "Our uncle sent us two air-guns, and we wanted to shoot at things, and mother said we ought not to be members of the Bedtime Story Club if we did, for we'd be hypocrites. So we wanted to shoot so bad that we stopped being members. But we're sorry now and want to come back. May we?" Needless to add, the prodigals were received with open arms.

We congratulate the *Troy Record* upon its very successful juvenile humane society, and will be glad to learn about similar Bedtime Stories Clubs elsewhere.

#### PUSSY'S PLEA

HENRY COYLE in the *Animal World*

Now is the winter of my discontent:

When summer comes, and all the world is gay

With Nature's smile, my mistress hies away  
To shore and woodlands green, while I am pent  
In backyards lone and empty. Weak and spent  
From lack of food, I prow! by night and day  
O'er fence and gate, and howl my doleful lay,  
But there are none to heed a cat's lament.

Sad is my lot! why was I born a cat?

My lady's ugly poodle takes his nap  
On some hotel veranda in her lap.

Without a care he feasts and waxes fat  
The summer long. Please, friends, now have  
the grace

To plead the cause of my ill-treated race!

## 1037 New Bands of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

E. A. MARYOTT and L. H. GUYOL, *State Organizers*

PLEDGE: "I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
  2. Several leaflets containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
  3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
  4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

#### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One thousand and thirty-seven new Bands of Mercy were reported in May. Of these 298

were in schools of Rhode Island; 191 in schools of Massachusetts; 146 in schools of Kentucky; 117 in schools of Virginia; 67 in schools of Maine; 64 in schools of Connecticut; 47 in schools of South Carolina; 45 in schools of Georgia; 39 in schools of Ohio; 10 in schools of Texas; four in schools of Missouri; two in schools of Maryland; one in Minnesota; and six in Canada.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 114,810

#### DR. JOHNSON'S CAT, HODGE

A WRITER in the *Boston Herald* points out that Boswell was one of those who could not endure cats, and he was especially annoyed by Dr. Johnson's cat, from which he could not escape. One passage, revealing so much both of the Great Cham and of his biographer as well, is worth quoting verbatim: "I shall never forget the indulgence with which he treated Hodge, his cat; for whom he himself used to go out and buy oysters, lest the servants, having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature. I am, unluckily, one of those who have an antipathy to a cat, so that I am uneasy when in the room with one; and I own I frequently suffered a good deal from the presence of this same Hodge. I recollect him one day scrambling up Dr. Johnson's breast, apparently with much satisfaction, while my friend, smiling and half whistling, rubbed down his back and pulled him by the tail: and when I observed he was a fine cat, saying, 'Why, yes, sir, but I have had cats whom I liked better than this:' and then as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, adding, 'But he is a very fine cat, a very fine cat indeed.'"

#### STEVENSON AND THE CAT

THERE would be cats in my home too if I could but get it."—R.L.S. in letter to Edmund Gosse, 1879.

#### IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

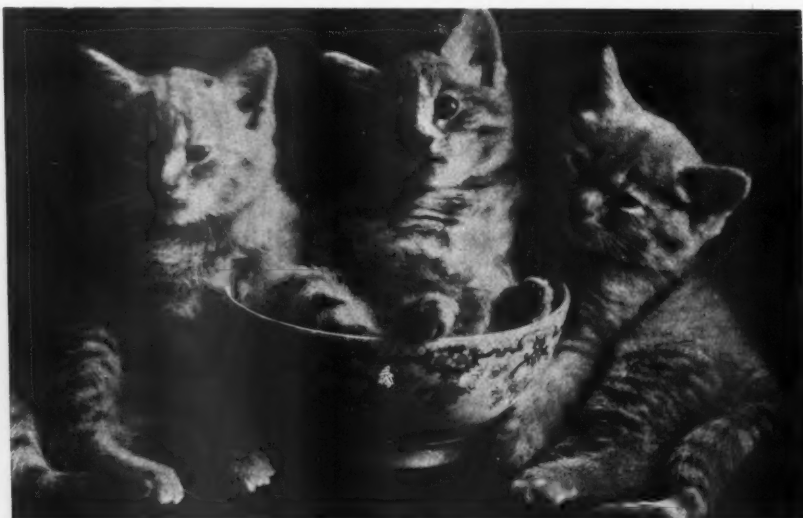
THE ADVENTURES OF BOBBY COON  
Thornton W. Burgess

There comes another pair of the Bedtime Story-Books to delight the host of child readers who revel in good animal stories. Bobby Coon has some queer experiences after his home-tree is cut down by Farmer Brown's boy, who catches him but is very kind to him and lets him go again. How he made big mistakes in thinking he would take Unc' Billy Possum's home away from him and, worse yet, how he fared when he tried to get possession of Prickly Porky's house, and the terrible shaking that Buster Bear gave him in the top of a slender tree, are some of the amusing episodes related in this latest volume of the now famous series.

THE ADVENTURES OF JIMMY SKUNK  
Thornton W. Burgess

That shrewd little dweller of the Green Meadows, good-natured and polite enough if let alone but recognized and respected most for his "preparedness," Jimmy Skunk, has some good jokes played on him of which Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox and Unc' Billy Possum are the perpetrators, in another captivating volume. The tales are told in that charm of style that has made their author one of the most popular writers of animal stories for young people.

118 and 117 pp. 50 cents net. Little, Brown and Company, Boston.



THE THREE GRACES



# CHILDREN'S PAGE



IN THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK  
The tame bears and Frances, daughter of C. E. Huish of  
the Reporter, Eureka, Utah

## AN INDIAN MOUNTAIN DOG

T. A. BOAZ

ONCE I lived in Simla, which, if you look on the map, you can find in northern India, it being on a portion of the Himalayan Mountains. In the jungle near my house my bearer found one day a tiny puppy dog. I am sure I do not know why the hyenas did not get it. My man said that it had followed him home. Its back was one mass of mud and mange, so that he did not want to touch it.

Wrapping the dear little mite, which had long, curly brown hair, in a flannel cloth, I carried it to my room, fed it some nice warm food and washed it with soap and water. Then I rubbed an ointment of sulphur and lard into its sores and made it drink water in which a stick of sulphur had been placed.

It grew up to be a fine, healthy fellow, just like a bear, a pretty mountain dog, and they used to call it my shadow, because it remembered how I protected it. It was so frisky and always in mischief that a friend named it Beelzebub.

When I went to Calcutta I had to leave it behind because these mountain doggies cannot stand the extreme heat there which frequently stands for days together at 120 degrees in the shade.

Some people kill animals that have some sickness instead of trying to cure them. If you know any like that, ask them how they would like the neighbors to kill them if they chanced to become ill. I think it is very cruel, don't you?

## GIVE NO HURT TO ANYTHING

ALICE J. CLEATOR

**G**IVE no hurt to anything,  
To the birds that work and sing,  
Rabbit in the grasses wet,  
Farm-yard beast, or household pet.

Give no hurt to anything —  
Butterfly with feathered wing,  
Garden toad that aids the farm,  
That would never do you harm;

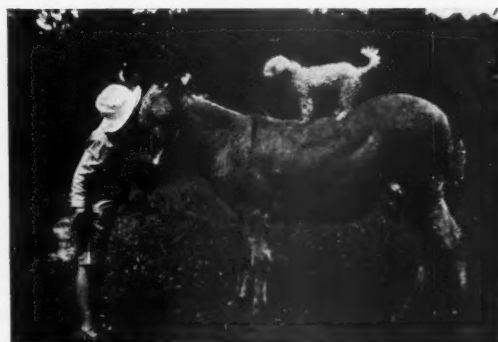
Children of the out-door sun,  
God's own creatures, every one!  
Be to them a little friend,  
Ever ready to defend!

## PIGEONS FOLLOWED THE "MIDDIES"

WHEN the training-ship "Portsmouth" sailed into port at the Brooklyn navy-yard on one occasion, she had on board a large number of pigeons that were living happily in a coop on the hurricane deck. One of the sailors seemed pleased to tell their story which was as follows:

Some time before, the birds had been taken on board at a foreign port and kept in the hold until the "Portsmouth" was far out to sea. Then they had been released, and every one was curious to see what they would do. Some thought they would make for the land, like carrier-pigeons; others thought they would be so frightened that they would not leave the coop. No one was right. The birds looked about, a little bewildered at first, then spread their wings and flew about the ship a few times, and after that settled down comfortably in their new quarters. They ate from the sailors' hands and became as tame as could be. Each day they would go off for a long flight, but return in due season. No port at which the ship stopped had lasting attraction for any of them.

At last orders were received for the "Portsmouth" to set sail for home. All on board was bustle and joy, until some one remembered that the pigeons were away. What would the little creatures do to find their calculations at fault and the vessel gone? Slowly the anchor was weighed and the ship spread her white wings. The coop, almost empty, was a pathetic reminder of the feathered friends that the "middles" as well as the sailors had learned to love. Twilight came on; the land in the distance was but a green speck; silence reigned around; — when suddenly there was a flutter in the rigging, and the pigeons flew on board and went into their quarters as usual.



A SOUTHERN LAD WINNING THE GOOD-WILL OF  
HIS ANIMAL PETS

## THE BOSTON WORKHORSE PARADE

THE sixteenth annual review of Greater Boston's workhorses took place on Memorial Day before hundreds of horse-lovers and other interested spectators. Although there were fewer horses entered this year, the condition and quality of those exhibited, in the opinion of good judges, were such as to make the review one of the best yet held, and fully up to the high standards attained in former years.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. gold medal was awarded to a pair of horses, 21 and 22 years old, which had been 17 years each in service and had been driven in every parade of the Boston Association. In the veteran drivers class, John B. Carberry received the silver medal offered by the American Humane Education Society for his 46 years of service with his present employers. Many small animals accompanied drivers and were presented with special ribbons as prizes. Other features included police and fire department horses, trick animals and army mules.

## MAINE WORKHORSE PARADE

TWO HUNDRED prizes were awarded at the third annual workhorse parade of the Maine State Humane Education Society, held in Portland May 25. In the parade were 75 girls who had been selling tags on the street, and an unusual display of saddle horses.

## TOO GOOD TO MISS

WE receive so many kind words of commendation from the press that we can seldom republish them, though we often wish our readers might share them with us. The following, from the *Evening Standard*, New Bedford, Massachusetts, is too good to miss:—

*Our Dumb Animals* ingeniously keeps before the people the subject of kindness to animals, the happiness to be secured from interest in them, the moral training for the young in sensing animal need and caring for it, and the inhumanity to the animal world constantly inflicted through carelessness and indifference.

## NOW, ALL TOGETHER

LET'S get rid of the bad habit of saying "after the war is over." That means nothing.

Let's make it a rule invariably to say "after we win the war." That means something.

The very change in mental viewpoint, from careless to definite, from casual to positive, is sufficient to win the war.

More than that, its effect on business can be nothing less than conspicuously helpful.

— *The Eclipse*

## DOG OWNS LIBERTY BONDS

BEAUTY," the handsome collie pictured on the cover of *Our Dumb Animals* for August, 1916, is the possessor of three \$100 Liberty bonds, purchased by his owner, an ardent advocate of the "Be Kind to Animals" movement. The interest from these bonds will be given for animal relief.

## A GOOD OLD HORSE WANTED

by an Indian woman with small fruit garden. Work very light. The Indian Industrial League guarantees kind treatment and good stabling, and vouchers for the character of the beneficiary, a direct descendant of a famous Massachusetts Indian Chief. Address J. S. LOCKWOOD, 12 Kent St., Brookline, Mass.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

## FOOD-ADMINISTRATION POSTERS

THE United States Food Administration, to popularize the campaign for food conservation, will hold a competition for posters designed in the art classes of the Red Cross School Auxiliaries. The subject of the poster is restricted to depict an idea associated with the popular phrase "F.H.B." (Family Hold Back). For example, a design might be thus described: Uncle Sam at the dinner table carves roast beef; Madam Columbia at the other end of the table cuts a wheat loaf; the children at the table, North, East, South, West, sit expectantly, while four other children, Italy, France, England and Belgium look gravely on.

There will be three competitions; chapter, division, and national. Prize certificates will be awarded by the Junior membership to the designers of the three winning posters. The three prize-winning posters from each chapter are to be forwarded to divisional headquarters for division competition. The three prize-winning posters in each division are to be forwarded to Washington for national competition.

An exhibition will be held, and gold, silver, and bronze medals will be awarded by the United States Food Administration to the designers of the three best posters.

## EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Laurence Minot and Thomas Nelson Perkins, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the Plimpton Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Norwood Office: Lenox Street.  
Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue.

## TERMS

One dollar per year, clubs of five and over, 60 cents. Special price to teachers, 50 cents. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

Agents and societies are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY  
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

Checks and other payments may be sent to EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor.

## HUMANE LITERATURE

For sale by the American Humane Education Society at these prices, postpaid. (Titles in bold-face are of books):—  
*Our Dumb Animals*, Vol. 50, June 1917–May 1918 \$1.25

## About the Horse

Don — His Recollections, Willard A. Paul, M.D., 274 pp. illus. cloth	\$1.25
<b>Black Beauty</b> (English), cloth, 30 cents	paper 15 cts.
What Constitutes Cruelty, Francis H. Rowley	\$ .25 per 100
Humane Horse Book, 32 pp., 3 cents each, or	3.00 "
The Horse — Treatment of Sores, Diseases, etc.	.60 "
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 5	.40 "
How to Treat a Horse	.40 "
The Care of Mules	.40 "
Two Horses I Have Known, Mary C. Yarrow	.40 "
Care of Horses	.40 "
The Folly of the Blinder	.25 "
The Horse's Prayer	.25 "
The Horse's Prayer, large post-card	3.00 "
The Horse's Prayer, card in two colors	1.00 "
The Horse's Point of View, in Summer, post-card	1.00 "
"The Proud Mother" post-card, 5c. doz.	.40 "
Advice on Stable Management, card	1.00 "
The Checkrein, 4 pages	.40 "
The Cruel Over-check card (two sides)	.35 "

## About the Dog

Beautiful Joe, illus. \$1.25; cloth, 62 cts.	small 35 cts.
Only a Dog, or, Our Pet	cloth 35 cts.
Eulogy on the Dog, by Vest, post-card	\$1.00 per 100
The Dog — Its Care in Health and Disease	.60 "
Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 3 and 4	.40 "
What the Chained Dog Says	.40 "
The Story of Barry	.25 "

## About the Bird

The Birds of God, Theron Brown, 318 pp. illus. cloth	\$1.00
The Lady of the Robins, cloth, 25 cts.	paper 15 cts.
Save the Birds, post-card	\$ .40 per 100
Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 1 and 2	.40 "
How the Birds Help the Farmer	.40 "
The Air-gun and the Birds	.40 "
An Appeal to Every Woman	.40 "

## About the Cat

The Cat — Its Care in Health and Disease	\$ .60 per 100
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 8	.40 "
Do Not Leave Your Cat to Starve	.40 "
"The Beggar Cat," post-card, 5c. per doz.	.40 "
About Poor Puss	.25 "

## About Other Animals

Prince Rudolf's Quest, Ida Kenniston, 150 pp. boards	58 cts.
For Pity's Sake, cloth, 25 cts.	paper 15 cts.
Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst, cloth 25 cts.	paper 15 cts.
The Strike at Shane's, cloth, 25 cts.	paper 15 cts.
The Cruelties of Trapping	\$2.00 per 100
How to Kill Animals Humanely	.60 "
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 6, animals	.40 "
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 7, cattle	.40 "
Hints on the Care of Cows	.40 "

## Humane Education

Humane Stamps, in colors	15 cts. per 100
"Be Kind to Animals" pennants (red or blue) each	25 cts.
The Humane Idea, by Francis H. Rowley	cloth 25 cts.
	paper 12 cts.

Friends and Helpers (selections for school use)	cloth 60 cts.
Sarah J. Eddy	paper 25 cts.
Angell Prize Contest Recitations	paper 25 cts.
Voices for the Speechless, for Schools, etc.	cloth 75 cts.
Address to Boston Public Schools, Mr. Angell	\$2.00 per 100
Need of Humane Education Societies and	

Methods of Forming Them	.40 "
Humane Day Exercises for 1918	1.50 "
Humane Education, What to Teach and How to Teach It	.40 "
Children in Humane Work, Mary C. Yarrow	.40 "
Early Lessons in Kindness or Cruelty	.40 "
Man the Animal's God	.25 "
Woman's Indifference, by Dr. Rowley	.25 "
Outlines of Study in Humane Education, 8 pp.	1.50 "
A Talk with the Teacher	.40 "

Condensed Information, pamphlet by President Rowley, telling how to organize humane societies, with constitution and by-laws, free upon application.

## Band of Mercy

"Be Kind to Animals" buttons	75 cts. per 100
Buttons — white star on blue ground with gilt letters and border, one cent each, 75 cents per 100	
Badges, gold or silver finish, large, 8 cts.; small, 5 cts.	
"Band of Mercy" pennant	20 cts.
Band of Mercy Register	.8 cts.
Songs of Happy Life (50 pages, words only)	\$3.00 per 100
Songs of Happy Life (with music)	each 40 cts.
Band of Mercy membership card	\$ .40 per 100
How to Form Bands of Mercy	.50 "
Historical Sketch of Band of Mercy	2.00 "

No order by mail filled for less than five cents.

The above can be had in small quantities at the same rates. Special prices on large orders to be shipped by freight or express.

## American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Back Bay Station, Boston

## Where is My Dog, OR IS MAN ALONE

Fourth Edition. By Charles Josiah Adams, D.D., \$1.  
The Bureau of Biophilism, Rossville, Staten Island, N.Y.

